

# AT A-T #16 K

SAMHAIN 9982 ~ 1 NOV. 1982









SING SPIL

(SgSp)  
16th Stanza  
APA-Filk #16

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th  
St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 /  
212-336-3255 / October 21, 1982

I stopped by some nice filksings at Chicon (sorry to miss some of you there) and BeyondTheCon. The theme of the latter, by the way, was the Beatles' 20th anniversary ("Love Me Do" was released Oct. 1962). (For those who don't know, BeyondTheCon is Marc Glasser's Columbus Day Weekend party. From APA-Filk, Boardman and Belov were also by.)

Filk songs may be inspired by unusual tunes but these are usually very close to the original (only minor word changes here and there). It doesn't take much imagination to guess the original tune to one someone sent me, "Poisoning Trekkies at the Con" ("And maybe we'll do in a gamer or two").

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-&-&- THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #15 -&-&-&-&-&-&-&-&-&-&-

=====

STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: Good point on protest songs. See Tom Lehrer's "Folk Song Army" - what good is having the better songs if the other side wins? // Depending on whom you hang around with at a con, people are more likely to know the tunes to modern (popular) songs than Elizabethan folk songs/ballads. Or even, sadly, American folk songs of the last century. I had an early exposure to the latter as my sister used to be a music teacher. Also, people are more likely to associate a certain tune to "MTA" or "Super Skier" than "Wreck of the Old 97," as one instance of filks being more well known than their folk original.

While typing this comment, I just got the idea to filk the Chad Mitchell Trio's "John Birch Society" into "Moral Majority" (I also note the similarity of the last syllables of each).

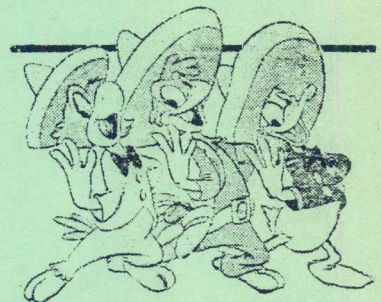
We're three Sandinistas, three stray Sandinistas ...

SOMETHING OF NOTE/Bob Lipton: Actually, Greg did that verse but "stray" seems appropriate, conveying a feeling of anarchy.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Re terrorists and rape, didn't Patty Hearst so accuse her SLA ex-comrades?

FOLK CITY FLYER was franked in response to Beryl's article (I used to know this guy). I went to the Friday the 13th double bill of the Bermuda Triangle and Andy Breckman. Though they attract the same crowd (sf fans seem to fill the club), they are quite different in tone. The Triangle is exuberant, sometimes soulful. Few of Breckman's subjects get out of his songs alive: people fall out windows or are struck by sheepdogs falling from the sky or the Sun goes supernova or... (It looks like he'll be following the David Letterman Show, for which he writes, out to California.)

The strongest feeling I get when I hear 20-year-old Dylan, Peter, Paul & Mary [whom we used to call Peter Paul Almond Joy], Chad Mitchell or Kingston Trios recordings is nostalgia (this applies to the protest songs too). Breckman tells of being applauded at an ecology rally for an inane song "Pollution is a Bad Thing" ("if you like it you're a fool"). It just goes to show the times they've a-changed.



♫ ♪







This Is HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER (One Who Hemidemisemiquaves?) #11  
Published for APA - Filk #16 , November 1982, by  
Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd. # 315, Berkeley, CA 94709

This was supposed to be a nice long contribution. Unfortunately, I had 1 page written, then the flu got me. So it will be a 1 page contribution. Someday I may get around to making comments on back collations....

My, how conventions fly. Since August I've been to 3, with one more coming up at Thanksgiving. Fantasy Faire, in early August, was a modest (by west coast standards) 5-600 person con near Los Angeles, which was only moderately successful -- especially since we were told to expect over 1000, and took table stock accordingly. We arrived real late Fri. night, at the tail end of a decent filk. Saturday there was a good sing, though, and one afternoon Tera Mitchell (?sp) ran a "filk workshop" in the hotel courtyard, which was interesting -- 8 or 10 people picking apart new and old songs and discussing how we compose things.

Chicon, of course, you know -- direct or second hand. Teri & I were in poor shape coming into the con, and enjoyed it much less than we might have. I wish I'd detoured to the smaller filk rooms more, and I wish I hadn't been so tired. I especially liked meeting all the singers I'd only stolen songs from before. (Funny, Bill Roper looked like I expected Bill of many axes Marchiello (?sp) to look like, and vice versa. Oh well.) One of these days we'll get to a less hectic midwest con & meet some of the folk who were busy running things. Candidates for the filk book of world records: 30+ minutes of "Mama Don't Allow...", mostly original verses (my best: Mama don't allow no infidelity . . . I'll use those cheap cassettes anyhow.... ) and a 12+ hour continuous filk Sunday night, which was still going strong at 9 a.m. when I left and didn't die for 2 more hours. People who had quit early to go to sleep started reappearing around 7 a.m., so I suppose we could have tried for 24 hours....

Octocon in Santa Rosa was a nice small con, with only one real night of singing. Harold Groot was around Friday at a party, and now that he's local he's supplying us with all his accumulated E. Coast songs (He'll also stay in Apa-filk, I hope, so I won't be alone on this coast. Right, Harold?). Off Centaur did better than expected, raising enough to cover costs on our next couple of tapes. With BayCon coming up in San Jose, we should be in good shape for the winter. One of the side effects of having dealer stock is that cons are a source of income, instead of an expense, with the result that my rate of con attendance has been increasing rapidly -- now nearly 1 a month. Next year, every weekend???

I have somehow managed to add to my flock of musical instruments. In addition to a harp, two guitars, and a recorder, I managed, in the space of two weeks, to acquire a dulcimer and another harp! The dulcimer was a flea market find at 1/3 market price, and Teri is busy learning to play it. The harp was bought from Arlin Robins, who (alas) needed the money more than the harp. Since she has umpteen other instruments, including a bandura, she is not too deprived. It's another Witcher wire-strung, slightly smaller than my Trinity College, and with a nice carrying case. I expect to sell it eventually; meanwhile it will probably come to conventions a fair amount.

In the mundane world, my thesis is driving me bats, and I should go work on that, so  
FORWARD, Into The Past:

\*\*\*\*\* HAHA, the Eevil Flu Virus Strikes Again!! \*\*\*\*\*

A song (well, verse) to earn my keep:  
Just for you, John.

Where the atoms split in pico-  
Seconds, I've found all I seek. Oh,  
Yes, I'll worship old Enrico,  
Who's a good enough Fermi.

Which is unquestionably my crowning effort to date in bizzarre rhymes.

I was disgusted to realize recently that I haven't written any significant new songs for well over a year. Unfortunately, while this has stimulated some mental effort, there are as yet no results. So until next time....







# ANAKREON

#16, APA-Filk Mailing #16

Samhain 9982 (1 November 1982)

## THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION (fourth supplement)

The chorus is sung after every verse.

380. We'll invoke the Triple  
Goddess  
When she wears her Cretan bodice  
No, she isn't very modest,  
But she's good enough for me! (DO)

CHORUS: Give me that old-time  
religion,  
Give me that old-time religion,  
Give me that old-time religion,  
It's good enough for me!

381. It's too weird for Ronald  
Reagan  
It won't please Menachem Begin,  
He's too Jewish to be Pagan  
But it's good enough for me! (DO)

382. Jerry Falwell he is saved  
In the lamb's blood he is bathed  
He considers us depraved  
But it doesn't bother me! (DO)

383. Let us worship unto Tir  
Let us worship unto Tir  
It seems like such a good idea  
And it's good enough for me! (DN)

384. We will talk unto the Raven  
Living in his treetop haven  
Well, I'm just a ravin' Pagan  
And it's good enough for me! (ES)

385. You may call it knife and  
chalice,  
You may call it knife and chalice,  
But it's really cunt and phallos,  
And it's good enough for me.

386. Oh, it made me a believe  
When I met that old man Shiva  
With his Cannabis sativa  
And he's good enough for me.

387. It was good for old Darth Vader,  
It was good for old Darth Vader,  
And his sister Ella Vader,  
And it's good enough for me.

Christianity  
388. It was good enough for Jesus -  
Said the things he thought would  
please us.  
Shorter lifespan than a Rhesus -  
That's not good enough for me.

389. Oh the Puritans made no hitches,  
Wore no ribbons, dug no ditches  
But they hung a lot of Witches -  
That's not good enough for me.

390. Oh the Lutherans tried a dumb  
tack,  
Caught the Catholics on a bum track.  
Only needed one more thumbtack -  
That's not good enough for me.

391. Our friend Calvin he was rather  
An elitist and a bother,  
Our capitalist Father,  
That's good enough for me.

392. Good old Calvin shouted tor-  
rents  
Of abuse and of abhorrence,  
Now his followers sell insurance,  
That's good enough for me.

393. Sun Myung Moon came from the  
mire  
To light every Christian's fire  
While their brains are in the dryer  
That's not good enough for me.

(continued on p. 3)



## PAGAN NOTES

This is the fifth collection I've made of verses to the Neo-pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". The first four appeared in the 6th, 8th, 10th, and 12th issues of ANAKREON, and are still available. Since this is by now getting to be rather too much for the old "Self-addressed stamped envelope" routine, please send 25¢ for each one that you want.

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, USA. It circulates through APA-Filk, a quarterly amateur press association of people interested in filk-singing - that is, in the creation and publication of parodic or derivative songs of science-fiction and fantasy fandom, Neo-paganism, Medievalism, war-gaming fandom, and other special interest groups.

Every fourth edition of ANAKREON is devoted to the publication of yet more verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion". The next such collection will be published in ANAKREON #20 in 1 November 1983. If you have a contribution for that issue, please send it in by the end of September 1983.

This is	
O At	The copy count for APA-Filk is 50, and it is col-
P Great	lated at this address on, as it happens, the four quar-
E Intervals	ter-days on which the Craft observes its major festi-
R This	vals. (I don't know whether this was in the midd of
A Appears	APA-Filk's founder, Bob Lipton.) The next collation
T To	date is 1 February 1983. If you'd like to participate
I Inflamm	in APA-Filk, send your contribution and a few dollars
O Optic	for postage. The postage accounts will be brought up
N Nerves	to date in this next issue of ANAKREON.

# 1154

Issues of ANAKREON that contain verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" have about three times the usual printing. This one will be even larger, since John McClimans has asked for 35 copies for the next mailing of pagan-APA.

More verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" have achieved print elsewhere. Monte Rowell sent me a couple of pages from Vol. XVIII, #4 of The Folknik, a San Francisco publication. In it was a letter from "Dreadlock O'Tannenbaum...jew's-harpist to the High Kings of Ulster, Muenster, and Daly City", which had the verses 168, 380, 188, 287, 9, 299, 381, 382, 173, 96, and 10 in that order. Though they are related to other verses, 380-382 have enough new material in them to justify inclusion as separate verses. "O'Tannenbaum" tells The Folknik's readers where they can get all the verses, and I've heard from several of them. "DO" indicates the "O'tannenbaum" verses.

Verses 388-408, subdivided amongst the world's major religions, came in written in green ink on pink paper. One of the things not written on the pink paper was the author's name. Verse 387, which I found in Marc Glasser's personal collection of filksongs, is from "someone in Buffalo". As for the others, "ES" is Ed Schoenfeld of Juneau, who explains that "the Raven is a popular deity among Alaskan natives - a god with a sense of humor."

Aha! - The name of the author of Verses 388-408 has just turned up. She is Amanda Udis-Kessler! "DN" is Donna Nussenblatt, obviously a New Yorker from that rhyme. Rick Brown, the editor of Pagan-APA, writes that he's seen among the Markland Medieval Mercenary Militia a collection of about 50 verses dealing with the Norse gods. If you're interested in Pagan-APA, his address is Apt. 11-A, 400 Luray Ave., Johnstown, Penn. 15904; 814-269-3134.



(continued from p. 1)

Est

394. Isn't Est a super style?  
You'll find out you're not  
worthwhile  
They they ask why you don't smile  
That's not good enough for me.

395. Werner Erhardt was a wonder,  
Cast your old ideas asunder  
While his graduates all go under  
That's not good enough for me.

Islam

396. Oh the Muslims aren't gentle--  
Sell their wives to pay the rental.  
Even war is sacramental,  
That's not good enough for me.

397. Oh, there is no God but Allah  
Likes to get 'em by the collah  
And their hands'll shortly follah,  
That's not good enough for me.

398. Any violent Muslim creed'll  
Put a bomb beneath the steeple  
No more church and no more people,  
That's not good enough for me.

399. Muslims all shout "Alleluja,  
"God is Allah, sock it to ya."  
Then they shoot a bullet through  
ya,  
That's not good enough for me.

Hinduism

400. Hindu ain't no Pollyanna,  
Got a yoga that's called Inana  
But they all smoke mariguana,  
That's good enough for me.

401. Hope you'll pardon this in-  
trusion  
But the whole world is illusion  
Hindus really love confusion.  
That's good enough for me.

Judaism

402. Oh I think Jews are a riot.  
Show 'em something cheap, they'll  
buy it,  
But they've got a funny diet,  
That's good enough for me.

403. Every Hassid sticks his nose  
in  
And his heritage he throws in  
But of course he's of "The Chosen"  
That's good enough for me.

Taoism

405. Oh, the strangest thing is  
water  
Every son is partly daughter  
If you'd rather die than slaughter  
Tao is good enough for you.

Confucianism

406. If you go for filial piety  
And just mountains of propriety  
Then Confucius is your deity  
And he's good enough for me.

Agnosticism

407. Oh, Agnostics think there's no  
God.  
Well, at least until you show God.  
I thought hypocrites were below God,  
That's not good enough for me.

Communism

408. Oh the Communists are out to  
Rule the world, and they're about to.  
Godless people are devout, too,  
That's not good enough for me.

+ + +

409. Sharra's fires can raise a  
blister  
On Cassilda and her sister  
And upon their sissy mister,  
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

410. If your guts give you the blues,  
Then just send a prayer to Zeus,  
Leaves you looser than a goose,  
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

411. Jerry Falwell is too hammy,  
And he ain't God's little lambie,  
For the ape is our grandmammy,  
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

412. When Loviatar and her chillun'  
Get their fill of plague and killin'  
You'll not find a single villain,  
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

+ + +

404. Jews for Jesus are astounding.  
They're converting, preaching,  
pounding,  
Two religions they're confounding,  
That's good enough for me.



That's going to be about it for this issue of ANAKREON, since some people who had promised verses have had to put them off for another year. Besides, the quality in the last couple of supplements has not been of the best, and maybe another fallow year will help people work up to another height of inspiration.

To help you get there, you might send for some tapes about which I was told by Judy Harrow. Off Centaur Publications, P. O. Box 424, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530 has songs available by Leslie Fish and others, including some of Leslie's that are elsewhere out of print. Off Centaur has some of the filk "hymnals" and promises more.

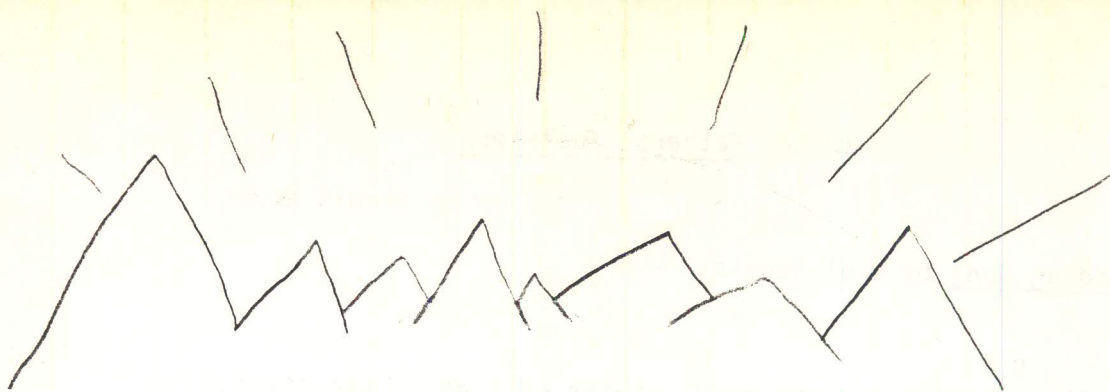
A more academic collection of filksongs is currently being assembled by Edith Fowke, 5 Notley Place, Totonto, Ontario M4B 2M7. She is chiefly collecting science-fictional filk. A collection of about 100 songs is under way now.

Music from the 1982 Pan-Pagan gathering has been taped directly off the sound system, thus eliminating the problems caused when you have to work from a machine sitting in a participant's lap and picking the sounds out of the air. The tape is 90 minutes of what Judy assures me is excellent quality, and includes a few verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion". It is \$10 from Temple of the Pagan Way, P. O. Box 60151, Chicago, Ill. 60660. Make checks payable to "Covenant of the Goddess", and specify if you want Dolby tapes.

ANAKREON #16

John Boardman  
234 East 19th Street  
Brooklyn, New York 11226  
United States of America





# Filkers Do It 'Til Dawn

Verse 4, part 4, for APA-Filk #16

Harold Groot  
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(408) 985-9564

As you may or may not have noticed (or cared), that's my new address up there. The move is still in the unpacking stage, and will be for some time yet. I did make it to Rivercon, and had the very great pleasure of hearing Julie Ecklar. Rave reviews all around (voice/guitar/stage presence). Buy her Traveller tape now, and get ready for an even better one (to be produced by Off Centaur) that will include Daddy's Little Girl, God Lives On Terra, and more. I worked in CA for two weeks, then came back for Pennsic and Chicon. Lots of good times at both, although the 3-small-rooms-for-filking policy was a disaster from the word go. Even with Big Name Filkers ~~forced~~ volunteering to try to split the crowds by moving to the less crowded rooms, it always wound up with one room trying to hold everybody (I counted 125 in a room with an "Unlawful for more than 50" sign). The sing the last night may have set some sort of record. I joined it near the beginning (around 10 PM). It lasted until 11:15 the next day!

Mailing comment (Grace Notes) from the last several issues add up to rae, bnc for just about everybody (that's assuming that my guess that it stands for "read and enjoyed, but no comments" is correct). Welcome to our newcomers. More songs and art will be very welcome. Maybe nextish I'll go back to sending in more myself. It's been FAFIA, not GAFIA.



## In Our Fathers' Footsteps

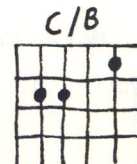
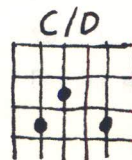
by Harold Groot

Tune: Wedding Song by Paul Stookey

It will soon be out among them, at the calling of the stars,  
C/D G  
Rest assured that Voyager is acting on our part.  
D C/D G  
The vision of our spirits here has sent it to the sky,  
Em G D  
And though it won't reach the first star on it's course before I die,  
C/D G  
Still I fly, still I fly.

Now a politician mutters in a voice heard on TVs,  
G D C/D G  
That money for a rocketship, it doesn't grow on trees.  
Em G D C/D G  
He flies home at fourty thousand feet, while taping his next speech.  
Em G D  
The things he takes for granted were once thought far out of reach,  
C/D G  
But it seems, men still dream.  
C C/B Am D G  
Well then what's to be the future, of this infant known as Man?  
C C/B Am D G  
Will it crawl, and try, and stumble, and then finally learn to stand?  
D C/D G  
Or will cynics keep us cradlebound, and close the opening door?  
Em G D  
Can't they believe in anything that they haven't seen before?  
C/D G  
Man must try, to reach the sky.

Well a man shall leave his planet, and a woman leave her home.  
Em G D  
Once they might have sailed the seas, but now the stars they roam.  
G D C/D G  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and 'til the end,  
Em G D  
Vision, courage, hope, and love go with the ships of men,  
C/D G  
They'll leave again, they'll leave again.







# STRUM UND DRANG

Vol. IV #4

SuD

Samhain

Perpetrated by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781.

And now for the annual language lesson: 'Samhain' is pronounced either SA-win or SA-vin--NOT 'sam hane'.

## VOLODYA'S REST

[TUNE: MOSCOW]

In the sunlight, hordes advancing: dragonflies about their heads.  
Banners fall before their lances; under grass they find their beds.  
Ah, Volodya! Ah, Volodya! Cambion swordsman of the best!  
Breaks the yoke from off our shoulders; puts the enemy to rest.

[cho] Back to the bog! Hand 'round the grog!

Volodya turned King Stork to Log!

Sing of the test, from east to west:

Volodya put Andrew to Rest!

25 August 1982

I didn't make the '82 Pennsic War. A chap who was there, tho, told me about Volodya killing the king of the Middle, Andrew of Seldom Rest. Since I have my own reasons for disliking the Fat Duke, I determined then & there that Volodya would get a song for it. This is the first verse: composed on the subway, written down when I got to the office, polished in the odd moments I could grab for it throughout the day.

### Annotations first:

The opposition was the Seldom Rest household, plus some at least of the Dark Horde; 'hordes', naturally, refer to the latter, while the 'dragonflies' refer to the former. Andrew's arms are gold with a red dragonfly. There's also the dragon, symbol of the Middle Kingdom, which may have influenced choice of the dragon-fly in the first place, for all I know.

'Banners fall'--Andrew killed the banner bearer just before Volodya got him.  
'Lances'--SCAdians don't use lances, but the real Mongols did; besides, it gives me a nice assonance (see composition analysis below).

Clan Cambion is a household whose members are SCAdians and Marklanders both.

'Yoke' also refers to historical rather than SCAdian Mongols; with a hero named Volodya, how can you not refer to the Tatar yoke? 'Rest' is of course referring to Seldom Rest--at least once every verse and every chorus.



## Chorus:

'Bog' is a Marklandic reference; they like to use bogs as defensive territory. 'Grog' is neither particularly Slavic nor especially period, but it gives me the rime, and Marklanders will drink anything. The reference to King Stork and King Log isn't very exact, since it was his own subjects that King Stork slaughtered, but he was certainly an alien king to the frogs--and again, it gives me the rime. 'East' may be taken to refer to the East Kingdom (the side Volodya was fighting for), but again it's far from exact; the West Kingdom is not involved in Pennsic, but 'east to middle' not only won't rime, it won't scan properly, either. The last line is a virtual duplicate of the last line of the verse, except it names Andrew; it originally went "Volodya put our foe to rest", but I changed it.

## A note on the tune:

With a hero named Volodya, it had to be Slavic. Both 'Meadowlands' and 'Tachanka', tho, have unfortunate connotations. At least for a song about a Slavic war-hero. Prokofiev would demand too much of the singer, even if I could put words to one of his tunes. I remembered a song called 'Moscow', whose tune I'd always liked, and used that.

Then I finally dug it out. It's in the FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS, and the intro refers to it as a "Red Army song". Bog only knows its copyright status. (Ironically, that the far older songs have become specifically linked with the Red Army, while this one merely sounds very Slavic.) It's credited "Music by Dan and Din Pokrass". For all three songs--Meadowlands, Moscow, and Tachanka--FIRESIDE uses or adapts English lyrics by Olga Paul, which might be a lead of some sort. There's a note, "Copyright by E D Marks Music Corp", but whether that refers to the arrangement or what, I don't know.

At any rate, that's all the data I can supply. Which is a real pity, because it's a lovely tune, with a range of an octave and a half, tho it has some wierd intervals and very Slavic accidentals. The extra-large spaces in the third, fourth and seventh lines are places where the tune dictates a caesura. *I since even I can't see the spaces, I've put in the caesuras by hand. // - so.*

## Composition analysis:

For some reason, the most important step in my composition is choosing the tune. I begin to suspect that this is partly because tunes tend to get caught in my head; with the tune marching around and around my subconscious, unable to get lost, my conscious doesn't really have a chance to poop out. The tune keeps nagging at it, and won't let it give up.

I only vaguely recalled the words to the translation, which I didn't like. It was alternating masculine and feminine rime--or was it?--in the verse, and a triple rime--or almost--in the chorus. I'd be surprised if the original didn't have that triple rime, and the unrimed line was a translation problem.

Forget the translation. Guide by the tune and rime however it works out.

So: while the even lines of the verse rime in pairs (heads/beds, best/rest), the odd lines don't; 'advancing' does not rime with 'lances', nor does 'Volodya' rime with 'shoulder'. Instead, they assonate.

They whatinate?

To quote Clement Wood: "Assonance, called also vowel rhyme, consists in the identity of the final accented vowel sound, with dissimilarity in the subsequent consonantal and vowel sounds." The 'a' in -van- is the same short 'a' as in lan-; the last, unstressed syllable is different in each case, but the stressed ones are noticeably



alike. Similarly, the 'o' is long in both Volodya and shoulder--and if you pronounce 'Volodya' with a strong palatalisation on the 'd' and the final 'a' a schwa, it ends up even more like 'shoulder' in sound.

No, I didn't think of all this at the time. I decided I liked the almost-rimes, and polished them as such instead of trying to make complete rimes of them. The whole thing was nearly an accident. Of course, putting the assonances into the following verses will be more work.

27 Aug 1982

It sure is more work. I've got verse two done, except for the assonance in the first & third lines. Grr.

Well, that will have to wait on

1 Sept 1982

### T W A N G S

SINGSPIEL (Blackman): I didn't really lead it; I inherited it.// On unfilkable, see Noodlings below. // I'd rather not think about that. Least of all about getting it to scan. I seem to recall that Dick Smothers once did a tongue-twister verse to "My Old Man", but the details are mercifully forgotten.

HDSQ.(Kare): No results so far. // Precise rules or customs will of course vary with the situation. But rules there must be, whether formal or 'understood'. As to the long ballads, "Queen of Air & Darkness" is either good or painfully bad, as is "Catalan Vengeance". A mediocre performance of either is as long as the longest after-dinner speech ever made, and can totally destroy the momentum of the circle. Some sort of 'understanding', if not a verse limit.

FILK TIL DAWN (Groot): Gone for bad, you mean. Do you realise we'll have no guitar-playing lead?

MISTRIAL (Schwartz): Mucho gracias. Will you please give us permission to copy parts one and two for general distribution?

SoN (Lipton): "Dreamer" loses. Why don't you tuck the last four lines into your file and let them incubate? They could make a good song, but that isn't it.

ANAKREON (Boardman): I recall one verse, or possibly pseudo-verse, of "Der Fuehrer's Face": "Der Fuehrer will insist that we are the master race./So Heil! [ptu!] Heil! [ptu!] Right in Der Fuhrer's face!" // re the folk scene: remember the Kingston Trio?

O R (Murphy): It's the explanation that's awkward. To do it right, I need a keyboard and a chalkboard, and everyone there in corpus.

### NOODLINGS: UNFILKABLE?

It depends on what you mean. --Natch!

Sometimes, someone will use "to filk" to mean "to satirise (a song)". In this meaning, there are unfilkable, or only trivially filkable, songs. A claim that somebody's entire work is off limits is 1) absurd, and 2) possibly evidence against the somebody.

When "to filk" means "to set your own words to (a tune)", there are no unfilkables at all. Some tunes must be approached with respect. Anyone who does comic verses to "Finlandia" probably sings "Green Hills" to "the Real Thing"--such deserve to be bugged with a coke bottle and drowned in a tub of dead ice cubes. Most verses set to it will be overpowered by their own presumption; but there is no fault in trying. Truth to tell, I've done it a couple of times myself. It shows some feeling, even to try it; and some day, some set of verses will turn out worthy.



Back to filk as in satire.

I am quite sure that wherever 'Hope Eyrie' is called the Fannish National Anthem, some nerd has set out to satirise it. I will put money on it that such satires have the shortest half-life in the universe. The people who would keep a satire of 'Hope Eyrie' alive are not the people who keep filk alive. The things are stillborn. This is why I say there are songs that are only trivially filkable; it can be done, but by its nature, it will abort.

Which is not to say that nobody can write answers to 'Hope Eyrie'. Hell, I've done that myself. One of my as-yet-untitled songs, the one dedicated to Proxmire, takes the opposite view: we've botched it. I once tried to write an opposite to the tune of 'Hope Eyrie' itself, but gave up after one verse.

A courteous 'Please', as you boldly seize

the crown from the elder\* line.

And forward, now, to your own renown:

the ancient dream is handed down--

The dream that once was mine.

And the evening advances: Red the dying sun.

Sleep rewards a day of work well done.

\*If anyone wants to yelp about European chauvinism:

We are older in the technological culture, so shut the foof.

This has possibilities, but someone else will have to do it. Someone who knows more about Japanese culture than I do.

Back to filkability, and specifically to whether someone "shouldn't be filked because 'he's great'."

In THE PRAISE SINGER, Renault has her protagonist think: "There is praise, after all, which makes one wonder what one did wrong, to have caught the fancy of such a fool."

'Nuff said.

7 September 1982

Ha-ha! Found the assonance. In Roget's thesaurus, of all places. A thesaurus is a dangerous toy when writing prose, but useful for verse.

Verse two of "Volodya's Rest"

Hold the center of the battle, while the wings press on ahead.

Halt the charge--the desperate gamble--that the Middling king has led.

Fair Fevronia bears the banner; falls before the dragon's crest.

Vengeance flies the moment after. Dragon falls to muddy rest.

[chorus]



Quick annotations:

The Eastern line advanced into a crescent formation: the center held back for a count of three (or whatever) when the wings advanced. On purpose. King Andrew tried to break thru the center, where Cambion plus a few other melee teams were waiting for him. (I think I heard that the DC-metropolitan team, the Army of the Potomac, was in there.)

Fevronia was using the banner as a spear, which doesn't strike me as much of an idea, but nobody asked me. Andrew killed her. Volodya killed Andrew.

Volodya modestly insists that he just happened to be closest.

The assonance problem:

Finding an assonance for 'banner' wasn't hard. And I made sure that 'banner' was an assonating word in this verse; I wanted to get Fevronia into it. The problem was that first pair: what assonates with 'battle' that describes a charge, or what other word can I use in that spot? (No doubt you've noticed that all but one of the assonating pairs has the same short 'a'. It's a handy vowel for a battle song with banners advancing.)

So, after dithering around for a few days, I said To hell with this, let's see what Roget has to say. My fall-back line was "Halt the charge of desperation", so I looked up 'desperate'. Two of the sections looked useful: 'hopeless' and 'rash'. In the first one I found "abandon"--phrases with it, that is--and in the second one "gamble". I liked 'gamble' better, since its unaccented syllable was closer to the unaccented one of 'battle'.

A few minutes' work, and there I was.







# BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

Presents

SSSSS	HH	HH	AAAAA	RRRRRR	EEEEEEE	???	EEEEEEE	NN	NN	JJ	00000	YY	YY					
SS	SS	HH	HH	AA	AA	RR	RR	EE	???	EE	NNN	NN	JJ	00	00	YY	YY	
SS		HH	HH	AA	AA	RR	RR	EE	???	EE	NNNN	NN	JJ	00	00	YY	YY	
SSS		HHHHHHH	AAAAAAA	RRRRRR	EEEEEE	???	EEEEEE	NN	NNNN	JJ	00	00				YYYY		
SS	SS	HH	HH	AA	AA	RR	RR	EE	??	???	EE	NN	NNN	JJ	00	00	YY	
SS	SS	HH	HH	AA	AA	RR	RR	EE	??	??	EE	NN	NN	JJ	JJ	00	00	YY
SSSSS	HH	HH	AA	AA	RR	RR	EEEEEEE	???	?	EEEEEEE	NN	N	JJJJJ	00000			YY	

This is SHARE AND ENJOY #4, the zine that doesn't tell you "Go stick your head in a pis", published November 1982 for inclusion in APA-FILK #16, by Beyond the Fringefan, a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, of One, Two, Three, Many, 41 Eastern Parkway, apt. #10-B, Brooklyn, New York 11238; telephone (212) NEO-LOC-8. This zine is a collaborative [I'd say "Joint", but I don't know that the nerds aren't opening my mail] production of Syscrash Programmers and Quick Brown Fox Press, both subsidiaries of Thisamajig Incorporated, and is copied right, as well as copyright (c) 1982 by Marc S. Glasser.

Something new and something old this month. Something borrowed, too, for that matter, and, since I just happen to have some colored paper left, something blue as well. The new song is "Rented Avis Cars", which I think makes several times more sense than its original; several times zero is still zero. The original, for those not in the habit of listening to pop/rock radio, was titled "Bette Davis Eyes", was written by Jackie deShannon and released on a single by one Kim Carnes, who sings it in a rasping alto. [Lyrics begin: "Her hair is Harlow gold,/Her lips a sweet surprise./Her hands are never cold;/She's got Bette Davis eyes." and go downhill from there.] It was played to death in the spring and summer of 1981, and one morning I heard it for the godzillionth time and thought up the first quatrain of the filk. It stayed there for a few months until Abby finished the first verse and bridge, but rather than give it the decent burial it deserved I went ahead and wrote a second verse.

The old song is "Gafiate", which I wrote in 1976. The borrowed part is the new fourth verse, composed by Nate Bucklin of Twin Cities fandom (a phenomenal musician, by the way) and offered to me at Worldcon this year. The other seven verses have never run in APA-FILK before, so I'm including the song here in its entirety.

I've also got a couple of scraps of other songs to throw into the stockpot; see page 4. I'd like to use the bottom of this page, though, to plug a couple of radio shows. A Prairie Home Companion, two hours of live country music (by assorted performers) and low-key announcing and storytelling (by the show's creator, Garrison Keillor) is brought to you every week from Lake Wobeson, Minnesota, "where the women are all strong, the men are all good-looking and the children are all above average", on National Public Radio; seek it in New York on WNYC, 93.5 FM, Saturday nights at 6. The Dr. Demento show, radio's last bastion of pure silliness and the only place you can hear Tom Lehrer, the Goons and Monty Python, has returned to the New York airwaves on WAPP, 103.5 FM, Sunday nights at 11. Don't forget to Stay Demented!



# RENTED AVIS CARS

to the tune of  
 "Bette Davis Eyes"  
 Key of F

-by- Beyond the Frinsefan  
 -a/k/a- Marc S. Glasser  
 -and- I Abra Cinii

Bb Dm C Bb Dm C Bb Dm C Bb C F  
 She sits behind the wheel; she wants to travel far.  
 Bb Dm C F  
 Her license is for real; she drives rented Avis cars.  
 Bb Dm C Bb C Dm  
 She comes from California, just like the movie stars.  
 Bb Dm C F  
 Now through the New York snow, she drives rented Avis cars.

F7 Dm F  
 Yes, she'll speed you, and she'll feed you;  
 Bb F  
 At the toll booth, she will bleed you.  
 Dm F  
 She drinks potion, while in motion,  
 Bb F  
 That tastes just like baby lotion.

Bb Dm  
 She never stops at drive-ins or bars;  
 C Bb Dm C Bb Dm C  
 She drives rented Avis cars.

Bb Dm C Bb C F  
 She speeds along her way, on asphalt and on tar.  
 Bb Dm C F  
 She's got the cash to pay; she drives rented Avis cars.  
 Bb Dm C Bb C Dm  
 Don't try to slow her down; she's been known to leave scars.  
 Bb Dm C F  
 She's just a freeway clown-- she drives rented Avis cars.

F7 Dm F  
 And she'll feed you, when she's freed you;  
 Bb F  
 To the truck-stop she will lead you.  
 Dm F  
 She buys Exxon, and Sunoco,  
 Bb F  
 Though the prices drive her loco.  
 Bb Dm  
 She'll never fly to Venus or Mars;  
 C Bb Dm C Bb Dm C  
 She drives rented Avis cars.



to the tune of  
"Shaving Cream"  
Key of C

GAFIATE

-by- Beyond the Fringefan  
-a/k/a- Marc S. Glasser  
-idea and chorus by- Neil Belsky  
-fourth verse by- Nate Bucklin

- C  
1. I have a strange story to tell you;  
G7  
It may cause you to cry or to laugh,  
C A7  
But a friend called me up just this morning,  
D G C  
And told me he wanted to GA-FI-ATE--  
C  
Better not wait--  
G7 C  
Get out of fandom before it's too late.
2. He stopped by my house in the evening;  
I gave him a Foster's to quaff.  
He said, "Fandom is driving me crazy!  
I'm left with no choice but to GA-FI-ATE. . ."
3. I said, "Friend, you have got to be kidding.  
Do I have to draw you a graph?  
You say that you want out of fandom,  
But I don't think that you want to GA-FI-ATE. . ."
4. "Your senzine is up for a Hugo.  
You've been nominated for TAFF.  
You've just been a Fan Guest of Honor.  
Now don't tell me you want to GA-FI-ATE. . ."
5. "Consider the fans that you cherish;  
Of your friends, they make up more than half.  
Unless you like being a hermit,  
You couldn't survive if you GA-FI-ATE. . ."
6. "Consider the fanzines you've published  
On your trusty old mimeograph,  
And your seventeen bottles of corflu;  
What will happen to them if you GA-FI-ATE?. . ."
7. "Consider the cons you've attended  
And the ones where you've been on the staff;  
You won't see another room party  
If you stay in your home and just GA-FI-ATE. . ."
8. So you see, you are hooked on Trufandom;  
It's a much better class of riff-raff.  
I'll see you next winter at Boskone,  
And don't tell me you want to GA-FI-ATE--  
Better not wait--  
Get out of fandom before it's too late."



## LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING

I was at a small fannish party several months ago, when some of the filkers began singing "That Real Old-Time Religion"--a song which has begun to bore me by reason of being overgrown with verses. (Sorry, John.) Turning the title over in my mind, though, it occurred to me that those computer Jocks who do their Jobs religiously might have reason to sing "Give Me That Old Real-Time Religion"--with verses extolling the virtues of different pieces of hard- and software, e.g.:

If a data line you're given,	*I don't know just what the facts is,
Try a PDP-Eleven.	But I'd rather program VAXes.
It won't set you into heaven,	They won't pay your income taxes,
But it's good enough for me!	But they're good enough for me!
If you've got an old 360,	[*Alternate:
You might run it just for kicks-ty,	If your baud rate wanes
But you'll never set it fixed-w;	and waxes,
It's not good enough for me.	Get yourself a couple VAXes.]
Give me that real-time religion. . .	

I hereby bequeath the idea to anyone who wants to do any more with it. (John, you can include it in your next year's collection, if you really want to.)

I also recently composed a few new verses for my own "I Know the Plot", which ran in these pages nearly two years ago.

Saw The Wrath of Khan with Enterprise in all its glory.  
Chekov wasn't there before, but now he knows the story.  
"Genesis" creates new life, while Kirk meets son and almost-wife;  
Why must they eliminate that Vulcan we adore?  
They killed off Spock! They killed off Spock!

Working in this office nearly drives me to distraction.  
Can't wait to get out of here and find myself some action.  
Count the hours and minutes then, until the stroke of 5 p.m.;  
That's when you'll find me teleporting right on out the door.  
I watch the clock! I watch the clock!

Play the market, spend your cash and own a corporation.  
You'll go broke if there's a crash, but win if there's inflation.  
I have fifty shares of something that my broker recommended;  
\*I get broker, he gets richer. What are brokers for?  
I bought the stock! I bought the stock!

[\*Alternate: Bought it at a hundred, now it's down to twenty-four.]  
The last two would, of course, be grouped at the end with the other self-parody verses. I've decided I would like to collect all the verses that others have written for this song and issue a canonical compendium. Gres? Roberts? Anyone?

Lastly, I've a suggested alternate line for a later chorus of "Libya, the Cockeyed Country", to correspond to "Lydia, oh, Lydia, that encyclopedia. . ." Mark, how about  
Libya, oh, Libya, not France or Namibia. . .

Which about finishes me off for thisish. Until next time,  
DON'T PANIC!